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THE  
CONSPIRACY  
OF  
GUTS and BRAINS:  
OR AN  
ANSWER  
TO THE  
Twinn - Shams.

**E**ACH Grave Oracular Wight about the Town,  
Has learnt to rail and bark against the Gown ;  
And Light-within-men with a full Mouth'd cry  
Run down the Heights of Church and Monarchy:  
These are the Rods and Axes, Whips and Arms,  
The fancied Causes of Old *England's* harms :

A

Away

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Away

Away with such poor Bards to some fit School;  
 Send e'm to th' Wife, and less fantastick Owl;  
 He ne'er do'es challenge the sweet Nightingale,  
 With his coarse Notes, and downright Evening-Tale,  
 Nature is his Director; and when He  
 Holds forth by Night, either in Barn, or Tree,  
 Ne'er dreams of Inward Light, or turns vain Fool;  
 Ne'er did he yet pretend to be a gifted Owl;  
 And surely He's much wiser of the Two,  
 That do's at Nature's Call, sing Hoo, hoo, hoo,  
 Than he that 'gainst all Natural Light do's bawl,  
 And play the Fool ith language of Saint *Paul*.

Those boding Ills, which Men of Thought do fear,  
 Worse than the dark Events of gen'rous War,  
 Come from the Chair Infallible, and Tub,  
 From Subtle Jesuite, and unthinking Mob.



Whate'er Mens hearts do's with dire horror shake,  
 The Wolf in peaceful garb, the gilded Snake,  
 Thunder and Storms, and rank infernal Spite,  
 Are summ'd up in one Word, a Jesuite:  
 A Jesuite! Legion thou mak'st me start;  
 Ith' Name of Holy Mother Church, What art?  
 Giant or Monster, or some Goblin dress't  
 In Angels Colours fair above the rest  
 Of the Black Order's; like th' Old Serpent wife,  
 Or *Romish* Imp in Protestant Disguise?  
 For sure thy Name's a Charm shou'd conjure up  
 Old *Gregory* the Great, and all the Troop  
 Of his Admirers, force'em to disown  
 Th' inglorious Name of Reformation.

The

Of all the Ills that e're came Imp't from Hell,  
 There's none more dangerous than Phanatick Zeal.  
 The Great Phytitian of our Souls cou'd nee'er  
 Vanquish this kind of Raging Calenture:  
 Whores, Debauchees, and Devils he restrain'd,  
 But Scribes and Pharisees his Pow'r disdain'd,  
 Like Great *Alphonso*, who so proudly taught  
 Omniscience doted, when the World was wrought,  
 They did convincing Miracles out-face,  
 And sought to bring the Godhead to disgrace:  
 Such wild Religious Frenzy then did rage;  
 And such lew'd Zeal infects the present Age:  
 Bawds, Common Rogues, and Villains still relent,  
 Through fear of Hell or Gibbet can repent:  
 But Jesuits Eternally drive on,  
 And count the Axe and Halter their Renown:  
 As if *Zacheus*-like, they climb'd the Tree,  
 Th' Al'mighty Saviour of the World to see:  
 They are God's Holy *Jacobs*, and can 'spy  
 Angels descending to 'em from an High,  
 When they the Ladder mount, when call'd to dye.  
 Kind Heav'n that wou'd restrain 'em is drawn in  
 To be a Friend and Party in the Sin:  
 Conscience it self turns bawd to such Abuses,  
 Each Lust is set apart for Pious Uses.

Such are the Men, that in Religious Fashion  
 wou'd at once Ruine and Reform our Nation;  
 That Thunder at us with Insulting Breath,  
 Vengeance and Woes, a Pulpitful of Death.  
 Damnation sweeps us all: They're not so civil  
 To us, as *Origen* was to the Devil.

A 2

While

While to themselves most happy and secure,  
 No Thought, no Word, or Action is Impure ;  
 They're meek while they do Damn, kind when they kill,  
 And Holy, while they Act the grossest Ill ;  
 Most Rare Defenders of the Publick Good,  
 Ev'n while they Revel in a Kingdom's Blood.

Such Saintship is meer Juggle and Romance ;  
 Such Peace of Soul is Lethargy and Trance,  
 Their Worship's Mummery, their Creed's a Spell,  
 Their Faith is Witchcraft, and a Type of Hell :  
 And should they Dying such vile Thoughts, retain,  
 Though they were plac't in Heav'n, they'd fall again :  
 They'd soon Commence Incendiaries there,  
 And raise a new Commorion 'bove the Sphear.

## 2.

Bless me what Ills have my Fore-Fathers done ?  
 Or what have I transacted 'bove the Sun,  
 It's pre-Existent State of Humane Souls,  
 When Spirits first transgress their Maker's Rules.  
 That I should live Sentenc'd and Doom'd to see  
 Such Solemn, Stanch, Religious Knavery ;  
 To see a Dire Impostor act the Fool,  
 And Tumbler-like shew Tricks upon a Stool,  
 Sweat three long hours, and then sit down and cool :  
 To hear a *Roman* Cut-Throat in Disguise  
 With Holy Wheedle and Embroyder'd Lies,  
 The poor Deceiv'd Mobile Surprise.

How



How are good People ravish'd at the sight,  
 Legerdemain oth' Sanctimonious Wight,  
 When he with pow'rful Sin-confounding Face,  
 A Gracious Wink, soft Leer, and Whining Grace  
 Has done his Righteous Cant? Ah, verily  
 'Tis a good Man, cries each Professing She;  
 An Upright, Broken-Hearted, Gifted Man,  
 My over-shadow'd Heart's Soul-dead'ning pain  
 Is start aside at Words that came along,  
 Like Fatness, Oyl, and Marrow from his Tongue:  
 The precious Oyntment of Soul-searching Grace  
 Ran down his Soul, as sweat ran down his Face:  
 O nothing's sure so sweet and powerful  
 As this Divine Anointing of the Soul.  
 Then speaks a Brother Sanctifi'd and Wife,  
 A Spiritual Light within me do's arise,  
 Such as self seeking Hirelings can't infuse,  
 That sinfull Forms, and vain Aprocypa use:  
 What Wisdom can such graceless ones inherit,  
 That Preach without th' Licence of the Spirit?  
 This Zealous Light-Infusing Man of Grace  
 Has ta'en my Carnal Eyes quite from my Face;  
 Taught my Regenerate Eye-sight to behold  
 No things that savour rankly of this World,  
 But that above, where Righteous Brother *Del,*  
*Pym, Hobson, Hacker, Field, and Debman* dwell.  
 He taught us to Instruct our Souls by Night  
 With Prayer of Faith, and Word of Inward Light;  
 And then proud *Babylon's* downfall we shall see,  
 For why, the Chosen of the Lord are we:  
 Thousands have sigh'd, Ten Thousands in the Land  
 Have wish'd the days of *Sion* were at hand:

Lately

Lately Mob met, and Pin-man from a Stall  
 Cry'd Sufferings, Sufferings (Lord!) Tyrannical }  
 Ah, Brethren! Carnal Pow'rs must have a fall :  
 Then many a Tear did drop, and many a Sigh,  
 Enough to raise a Fogg ith' room, did fly.  
 Mean time ith' midst oth' Prick-Ear'd Crowd did stand  
 Mob's Secretary, call'd the Short-hand-Man ;  
 A Scribe in Querpo with a short-cut Cloak, }  
 And Sage Prophetick Beard, which made him look }  
 Like Fam'd Philosopher's Phiz in Fortune Book.  
 His trusty head was cover'd with blurr'd Skin,  
 One side bespake him *Midas*, t'other *Pryn* :  
 With side-long Nod it sometimes seem'd to rowl,  
 Like an o're-leaded, or ill-bias't Bowl.  
 A *Julian's* Leer, and Ominous Grimace }  
 This Minor Prophet had, you soon wou'd trace }  
 The Lines of Reformation in his Face.  
 Meagre and Thin, like Benedi&t in Cell,  
 When Devil in a Pet had broke his Bell.

He had, to note his Eminence and Fame  
 Some hardish Sinner-shaking Christian Name ;  
 Far beyond *Habakkuk* or *Obadiah*,  
 The Doughty Armour-bearer to *Goliath*  
 Look't not so fell : A Superstitious Wight  
 Had cross'd himself at the portentous sight.  
 His Left Hand Book, his Right a Pen did bear ;  
 Two Pens in Ambuscade, within Crop't Hair, }  
 Above the Hiltz were stuck behind notch't Ear. }  
 At ev'ry pon'drous Sentence, and each proof  
 He wrote ; yet knew to stop at ev'ry Cough :



So well instructed Steed will stand or go,  
 At Driver's Signal giv'n by Jee or Ho.  
 It seems this Holy Penman (so he's stil'd)  
 Shew'd strange Prophetick Omens, when a Child;  
 At Two years old, and half, the Suckling Saint  
 Before he well could speak, had learn't to Cant:  
 It look demurely, made a hideous Game  
 At Rites and Forms; and trembled at the Name  
 Of Horned Beast; as if *Mad Tom* had blown  
 Or Bug-bear Sow gelder were come to Town.

He got his Fame by a kind hurt ith' Skull,  
 And soon did Wife Commence by being Dull:  
 So a Fam'd \* Idiot ith' Court of *Spain*  
 Grew up a Wit by a Disease ith' Brain;  
 And *Loyola* by being Craiz'd and Lane  
 The Authour of a Mighty Sect became:  
 Now our Renown'd and Perillous Scribe's become  
 The Great Shop-Theologue of all the Town:  
 And, in pursuit of Holy Teacher's Rules,  
 Leads on a Pack of dang'rous Lustie Tools.  
 If he but speak, loud Slaves shall make Reply,  
 And Thund'ring Zealots shake the Trembling Skie;  
 They that cry Nails, and Knives from Door to Door,  
 Shall start up Grand Reformers in an hour;

\* *The Famous Dr. Willis gives an account of a Fool belonging to the Court of Corduba, that in the height of a Malignant Feavour became wonderfully Acute (the heat of the Distemper dissipating the Mists and Clouds that oppress his Brain before) and continued so to the Day of his Death.*

And

And all by Light infus'd : As once a Clown  
Fancied his \* Afs had swallow'd up the Moon:

In the last place, to help the Brethren's wants,  
Joyns a long Train of Under-graduate Saints,  
Call'd † Moderate Men ; of Humane kind the blot ;  
A Mongrel Brood 'twixt *English-man* and *Scot* ;  
A Medley Rout, a Parti-colour'd Pack ;  
Like Tawny 'twixt a White Man and a Black.  
Equivocal Non sense, sprung from Clouds and Dreams !  
For ev'ry Sect's a mean betwixt Extreams.  
The *Jew*, the *Papal'n*, and *Mussel-Man*  
May all lay claim to th' Golden Name of Mean.  
Thus half Wit is of middle Excellence  
'Twixt down-right Folly, and Exalted Sense :

\* Burton. Melanc. (*out of Lud. Viv.*) if I well remember ) tells of an honest well-meaning Coantrey Fellow, riding upon an Afs over a River by Night ; The Image of the Moon appearing in the Water, and the Afs chancing to drink, on a sudden a Cloud interposed, and the Moons Face disappear'd ; Upon which the Timerous Swain, thinking the Beast had devour'd it, cut her open, to find out the Moon again , and restore it to the World.

† A True Moderate Man is an Excellent and Laudable Character : But here I speak of the Common Abusive Sense of the words : Which I thought fit to subjoyn, to prevent Knackish Constructions.

And

And th' Airy Kingdom where Black Damons dwell,  
Is own'd a middle Stage 'twixt Heav'n and Hell.

The Spruce bespangled Fop, that pores on Miss,  
And sells his Manly Freedom for a Kiss,  
Who free from future harms, and voy'd of fears,  
His Heav'n like *Atlas*, on his Shoulders wears,  
And shews his Wisdom chiefly in his Dress,  
On which depends his Fame, and Happyness ;  
Is scarce more vile than that Vain-glorious Clod,  
That plays with decent forms, before his God.  
Mischiefs his Darling Province and Delight,  
He go's to Church not out of Zeal, but Spite :  
He quarrels with the Pray'rs which he do's use,  
And what he swallows, up again he Spews :  
He Nauseates Manna, Loaths his daily Food ;  
And truly hath no Stomach to be good.  
The Church which he frequents, he seeks t' undoe,  
By which dull Ambidexter let's you know,  
His highest flights of Zeal are Paint and Show. }  
Thus is he, (for he knows not this we hope)  
Blind Fidler to the Jesuite and the Pope.

By him poor Honest *Tobit's* left ith' Lurch,  
And with his Dog lash't,, and turn'd out oth' Church :  
*Bel* and the *Dragon* too he do's Impeach,  
Like him that took *Cabala* for a Witch :  
A Picture on a Wall, or Window spread,  
Confounds him worse than Hag *Medusa's* head ;

And makes him puling, sick, and languishing,  
As Image once did \* *Duffe*, a *Scottish* King.

But above all, he shoots his Scorn and Pride  
Against his own (ah! too conforming) guide:  
He joyns with zealous Gossips to run down  
The poor Ungratious Parson of the Town,  
And with a Fate-denouncing brow can preach  
Judgment, and Woe, to th' Unregenerate Wretch:

The Gravest Saints in Corners sweetly joyn,  
Club o'er the Creature, and Cabal in Wine:  
Sisters with Caudles safely may prepare  
Dear Holder-forth for a New Spiritual War,  
And with strong Cordials arm the thund'ring Wight,  
As *Dutch* drink Brandy when they go to fight:  
But if the Man in *Black* but chance to meet  
With Friend, to sacrifice to Mirth and Wit;  
Each sneering Fop lies squibbing at his Fame,  
And brands him with some Antichristian Name:  
If in his Life seav'n times (as may the best)  
He chance to fall; his very Name's a Jest;  
He's dubb'd the Man of Sin, and thought the Beast. }

\* *The Scottish History's tell us, that King Duff's Sickness was the Effect of Witchcraft; and occasion'd by an Image of Wax roasted at a distance from him: As the Image wasted, so did his Body consume, and his Spirits fail; But the Plot being discovered, and the Image taken, and remov'd, the Distemper went off by degrees.*

Nay

Nay, if he rise but up to Sol'mon's Rule,  
 Is gay and pleasant, he's a Carnal Fool ;  
 While he, that's drunk with Frantick Zeal and Rage,  
 Is th' only wise and sober Man oth' Age.  
 Poor *Noah*, *David*, *Lot*, and good Saint *Paul*  
 By our Precisians rules do sentenc't fall ;  
 While Scribes and Pharisees alone possess  
 The Seats of Glory, and the Land of Bliss.  
 I challenge all Mankind to prov't untrue,  
 Should Christ himself his Life on Earth renew,  
 They'd call him Bibber and Deceiver too :  
 He would their Spleen, and Cholerick Zeal enrage,  
 By taxing the lewd Saints oth' present Age.

'Tis pleasant to observe, how each grave Wretch,  
 Or Whining Oracle has learnt to fetch,  
 And carry News ; and foot it up and down  
 To purchase Tales of ev'ry Canting Clown :  
 If sped, he triumphs ; if he fails, he grieves ;  
 For on such Rubbish he depends and lives.  
 His tender, nice, distemper'd, squeamish Soul  
 Feeds upon Trash, and Stories that are foul :  
 These are his Daily Bread, his Morning Draught,  
 His Midnight Exercise, and waking Thought.  
 With a shrew'd Nod he'll sometimes intimate  
 Somewhat he can, but w'ont Communicate :  
 You'd think he had Degree of Wiseman took  
 From Hieroglyphick Schemes, or Almanack-Book.

Next 'twards the King his random course he steers ;  
 And Honours him, just as his God he fears :  
 If Rulers will his Darling Ends advance,  
 He deviates into Loyalty by chance :

But

But still the Sacred Rights of Majesty  
 Are beams oth' Multitude, not Deity :  
 O rare Invention ! a poor senseless Clod  
 Become th' Almighty Parent of a God.  
 Eternal Chaos of distracted thought !  
 Surely to such Transub's an easie draught.  
 Pow'r can no more this dull way be infus'd,  
 Than out of Matter sprightly form educ'd.  
 Vapours may cloud the Sun, not make it bright.  
 And *Mob* may Kings Eclipse, not give 'em Light.  
 Thrice wretched they, who've learnt th' accursed thing  
 To Dawb Divinity, and Debase a King ;  
 A Notion which all Sacred Claim destroys ;  
 And the tame Monarch all his Life enjoys  
 A Dream of Majesty, a Fairy Crown,  
 A Mummer's Scepter, and a Play'er's Throne.

(May Valiant *William* share a Nobler Fate ;  
 And ever live, as he do's fight, in State. )

Such Men may search for Truth in *Pagan* Schools,  
 And learn Allegiance from rude *Indian* Scrolls :  
 They never think on Means, but view the End ;  
 And serve their God, as *Montaigne* wou'd his Friend.  
 And when they've Libell'd Kings, and Temples storm'd ;  
 They e'en may go to *Rome* to be Reform'd.

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